THE INCONSTANT:

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ——————— Ovid. Met.

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MDCCLX.

TO

RICHARD TIGHE, Esq.

SIR,

DEdications are the only Pageants in the World that are more applied for being unnecessary; and the Reason is, that they carry nothing in the Pergens they were made for: But I hope to avoid the common Oblique in this Article, by laying aside the Pair in every Thing but the Dramatick Decorum of saluting my Character to the Person.

From the Part of Minikal in this Play, and another Character in another, I have Reason sufficient to compliment my Performance in dressing a Key, splendid Personages, and fine young Gentlemen. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that Kind of Delicacy; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all Probability every Gentleman you come to see to any dancing Character, during the Term,

What an unspeakable Pleasure is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Disposition is to improve the Delights of the first; when the Consciousness of the Advantages of the latter; when Generosity [illegible] of all Pleasures, but a Shame to [illegible] not for the Gratifying of the Mind? Every Return [illegible] Thing simply —

Sir, I beg an Excuse for a Friend that merits for a Friend, as you are [illegible] along with this.

I shall here, Sir, have nothing to Objection, your Modesty, and your Services are both equally [illegible] upon the Subject, the Reason of [illegible] Sir, I can observe of my People, and with [illegible] I pay to the [illegible] of my Pen [illegible] which I owe chiefly and

A 3

TO

RICHARD TIGHE, Esq;

SIR,

DEdications are the only Fashions in the World that are more disliked for being universal; and the Reason is, that they very seldom fit the Persons they were made for: But I hope to avoid the common Obliquy in this Address, by laying aside the Poet in every Thing but the Dramatick Decorum *of suiting my Character to the Person.*

From the Part of Mirabel *in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to complement my Performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of Description; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy Accomplishments you come so near to my darling Character, abating his Inconstancy.*

What an unspeakable Blessing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Understanding comes in, to moderate the Desires of the first, and to refine upon the Advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Master of all Pleasures, but a Slave to none; who has travelled, not for the Curiosity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himself?— An Author might say a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two Obstacles, your Modesty, and your Sense; the first, as a Censor upon the Subject, the second, as a Critick upon the Style: But I am obstinate in my Purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my Pen; which I may the more coldly under-

take, having all the World on my Side; nay, I have your very ſelf againſt you; for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.

Your Generoſity and Eaſineſs of Temper is not only obvious in your common Affairs and Converſation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amuſement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Muſick:——— From your Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce the pleaſing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions; and be aſſured, Sir, that a Perſon muſt be poſſeſſed of a very divine Soul, who is ſo much in love with the Entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Muſick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, to your Favour and Affection. You were pleaſed to honour the Repreſentation of this Play with your Appearance at ſeveral Times, which flattered my Hopes that there might be ſomething in it which your Good-nature might excuſe. With the Honour I here intend for myſelf, I likewiſe conſult the Intereſt of my Nation, by ſerving a Perſon that is ſo much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Beſides all this, I was willing to make a handſome Compliment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that ſo fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Education in the ſame Univerſity, and at the ſame Time with,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRE-

PREFACE.

TO give you the History of this Play, would but cause the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no Purpose; I shall only say, that I took the Hint from *Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase*; and to those who say that I have spoiled the Original, I wish no other Injury but that they would say it again.

As to the Success of it, I think 'tis but a Kind of *Cremona* Business, I have neither Lost, nor Won. I pushed fairly, but the *French* were prepossessed, and the Charms of *Gallick* Heels were too hard for an *English* Brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable, for we are a Nation so very fond of improving our Understanding, that the Instruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in Competition with the Moral of a *Minuet*. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural History*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a Number of *Subscriptions* might be had to bring the Great *Mogul* out of *Fleet-street*, and make him dance between the Acts!

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* * that brought the Play-house some fifty Audiences in five Months; then why should I be surprized to find a *French* Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettiest Way in the World of despising the *French* King, to let him see that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhausted

* *Constant Couple.*

all his Stock, in buying ſome pitiful Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis.* What can be a greater Complement to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *Re-tour* to *Paris*, boaſt of her ſplendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaiſance, Liberty, and Good-nature of a People, that thronged her Houſe ſo full, that ſhe had not room to ſtick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themſelves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment?

There were ſome Gentlemen in the Pit the firſt Night, that took the Hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they made ſuch a Noiſe in the Execution, that the People took the Outcry for a Reprieve; ſo that the darling Miſchief was over-laid by their over-fondneſs of the Changeling: 'Tis ſomewhat hard, that Gentlemen ſhould debaſe themſelves into a Faction of a Dozen, to ſtab a ſingle Perſon, who never had the Reſolution to face two Men at a Time; if he has had the Misfortune of any Miſunderſtanding with a particular Perſon, he has had a particular Perſon to anſwer it: But theſe Sparks would be remarkable in their Reſentment; and if any Body falls under their Diſpleaſure, they ſcorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his Houſe, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-Houſe* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my ſixth Night: For to be Friends, and revenged at the ſame Time, I muſt give them a Play, that is,——when I write another. For Faction runs ſo high, that I could wiſh the Senate would ſuppreſs the Houſes, or put in force the Act againſt bribing Elections; that Houſe which has the moſt Favours to beſtow, will certainly carry it, 'ſpight of all poetical Juſtice that would ſupport t'other

I have heard ſome People ſo extravagantly angry at this Play, that one would think they had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed at all; whilſt ſome (otherwiſe Men of good Senſe) have commended it ſo much, that I was afraid

afraid they ridiculed me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a Loss what to think on't: For tho' the Cause has come on six Days successively, yet the Trial, I fancy, is not determined. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Business will be brought on again, and then we shall have fair Play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the first Understanding, and a very good Critick, who said of Mr. *Wills*, that in this Part he out-acted himself, and all Men that he ever saw. I would not rob Mr. *Wills*, by a worse Expression of mine, of a Compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the Turn of Plot in the last Act, is an Adventure of *Chevalier de Chastillon* at *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the Thing is so universally known, that I think this Advice might have been spared, as well as all the rest of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE,

That was ſpoken the firſt Night, received ſuch Additions from Mr. ——, who ſpoke it, that they are beſt if buried and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the ſame that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. *Motteux*.

LIKE hungry Gueſts, a ſitting Audience looks;
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders You: The Table is this Place:
The Carvers we: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Courſe; each Scene a different Diſh:
Tho' we're in Lent, *I doubt you're ſtill for Fleſh.*
Satyr's the Sauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp and rough;
Kind Maſques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof.
Wit is the Wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodſhed join,
Are Butcher's Meat, a Battle's a Sirloin:
Your Scenes of Love, ſo flowing, ſoft and chaſte,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taſte.
Bawdy's fat Veniſon, which tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your Rakes love Hogoes, like your damn'd French *Cheeſe.*
Your Rarity for the fair Gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice Squeaker, *or* Italian *Capon;*
Or your French *Virgin-Pullet, garniſh'd round,*
And dreſs'd with Sauce of ſome—Four hundred Pound.

An

An Opera, like an Oglio, nick'd the Age;
Farce is the Hafty Pudding of the Stage.
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
You can diſpenſe with ſlender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Paſtoral's whipt Cream; Stage-Whims, mere Traſh;
And Tragi-Comedy, half Fiſh and Fleſh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer;
This Night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear.
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-houſe all the Year.
Yet ſince each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taſte,
And every Diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry Gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Muſick ſtrike;
You're welcome all—Now fall to, where you like.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged Gent. of an odd Compound, between the Peevishness incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondness towards his Son.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Young *Mirabel*, his Son.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Captain *Durefete*, an honest good-natured Fellow, that thinks himself a greater Fool than he is.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Dugard, Brother to *Oriana*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Petit, Servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his Sister.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who would bring him to Reason.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Bisarre, a whimsical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admired by *Dur*.	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Lamorce, a Woman of Contrivance.	Mrs. *Kent*.

Four Bravo's, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT:

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit *in Riding Habits.*

SIRRAH, What's a Clock?

Pet. Turn'd of Eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a ſwinging Pace from *Nemours* ſince two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rouſſeau*'s and beſpeak a Dinner at a Lewis d'Or a Head, to be ready by One.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me ſee; *Mirable* one, *Durette* two, myſelf three——

Pet. And I four.

Dug.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had some Freedom for want of better Company; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Distance.——Be gone, Sir. [*Exit.* Petit.] This Fellow's Wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domestick; I must dispose of him some way else.——Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Sister! my dearest Sister!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur *Mirabel!* I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old. Mir. Honest Mr. *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm your most humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've cast your Skin sure, you're brisk and gay, lusty Health about you, no sign of Age but your silver Hairs.

Old Mir. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick silver Hairs, Sir. Whilst I have golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver as they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old Mir. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir.

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this Hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. *Dugard*, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnieur's*, being a little disorder'd after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old Mir. What! And he was asham'd to ask Blessing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Messenger.

Old

Old Mir. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as moſt modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old Mir. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Eſtate. He's very like you, upon my Word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honeſt Companion, *Duretete?*

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only *French-man* I ever knew that could not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that Fellow's Compoſition, than for his own; for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as Finger and Thumb; but the firſt Inſtance in the World, I believe, of Oppoſition in Friendſhip.

Old Mir. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a Dinner for us at *Rouſſeau*'s, at a Lewidore a Head.

Old Mir. A Lewidore a Head! Well ſaid, *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob*'s improv'd. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it ſo civil of *Bob* to viſit Monſieur *Rouſſeau* before his own natural Father? Eh! Hark'e *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewidore at a Sitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as *Hercules*, Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at theſe Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't ſerve 'em. A Lewidore a Head! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole Nation with Baſtards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Siſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, Siſter, I need not aſk you how you do, your Looks reſolve me; fair, tall, well-ſhap'd; you're almoſt grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet; I have ſcap'd the Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, and the Small-pox; I eat three Meals a Day, am very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Siſter, you remember that upon my going abroad you would chuſe this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family, than *Preſter John*, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my Management of your Fortune; Therefore pray be ſo kind as to tell me without Reſervation the true Cauſe of making ſuch a Choice.

Ori. Look'e Brother, you were going a Rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhould go a Rambling too, that ſomebody ſhould take care of me. Old Monſieur *Mirabel* is an honeſt Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and has a young Lady in his Houſe, whoſe Company I like, and who has choſen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Madamoiſelle *Biſarre?*

Ori. The ſame; we live merrily together, without Scandal or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we pleaſe, riſe when we will, all the Week we dance and ſing, and upon *Sundays* go firſt to Church, and then to the Play. Now, Brother, beſides theſe Motives for chuſing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had ſome private Reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, Siſter; your Love to young *Mirabel* is no Secret, I can aſſure you, but ſo publick that all your Friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very baſhful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that theſe People are not aſham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have ſo many Bluſhes to ſpare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, the People ſay—

Ori. Pſhaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treaſon, and profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer that,

that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern, and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and ſwallow Reputations like Lothes; a Lady's Health goes briſkly round with the Glaſs, but her Honour is loſt in the Toaſt.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, there is ſtill ſomething——

Ori. If there be ſomething, Brother, 'tis none of the People's ſomething; Marriage is my Thing, and I'll ſtick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches ſooner. Take heed, Siſter, tho' your Honour ſtood proof to his home-bred Aſſaults, you muſt keep a ſtricter Guard for the future: He has now got the foreign Air, and the *Italian* Softneſs; his Wit's improved by Converſe, his Behaviour finiſh'd by Obſervation, and his Aſſurances confirm'd by *Succeſs*. Siſter, I can aſſure you he has made his Conqueſts; and 'tis a Plague upon your Sex, to be the ſooneſt deceiv'd by thoſe very Men that you know have been falſe to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conqueſts? for I muſt confeſs there is no Title to a Woman's Favour ſo engaging as the Repute of a handſome Diſſimulation; there is ſomething of a Pride to ſee a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over ſo many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he muſt have ſomething extraordinary about him to pleaſe us, and that we have ſomething engaging about us to ſecure him; ſo we can't be quiet till we put ourſelves upon the lay of being both diſappointed.

Dug. But then, Siſter, he's as fickle——

Ori. For God's Sake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults, for if you do, I ſhall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll ſpoil his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his Buſineſs that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Siſter, I won't pretend to underſtand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counſel or Aſſiſtance,

ſiſtance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Intereſt can reach, you may command me to the Furtherence of your Happineſs: In the mean Time, Siſter, I have a great mind to make you a Preſent of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has ſerv'd me honeſtly ever ſince.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd ſo inſufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be ſerviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Rouſſeau*'s?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who ſhould I find there but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen Pheaſants over a Brood——They would not let me beſpeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you ſhall ſerve my Siſter, I ſhall ſtill continue kind to you, and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Trial, I'll uſe my Intereſt to advance you; you have Senſe enough to expect Preferment.——Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guineas for thee, get thyſelf a Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and ſo——I dub thee Gentleman Uſher.—— Siſter, I muſt put myſelf in repair, you may expect me in the Evening——Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*.

[*Exit.* Dug.

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next Door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Tavern, diſcovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *riſing from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every Thing, but our Women, they look'd ſo lean and tawdry, poor

poor Creatures! 'Tis a ſure ſign the Army is not paid. ——Give me the plump *Venetian*, briſk and ſanguine, that ſmiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like ſparkling Wine, her Perſon ſhining as the Glaſs, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

Dur. Ah, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are ſuch thin Brawn fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane Chair.

Mir. *France!* A light unſeaſon'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery, and Faſhions; we're fine indeed, ſo are our Coach-Horſes; Men ſay we're Courtiers, Men abuſe us; that we are wiſe and politick, *non credo Signeur:* That our Women have Wit; Parrots, mere Parrots, Aſſurance and a good Memory, ſets them up:—There's nothing on this ſide the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye——Ha *Roma la Santa! Italy* for my Money; their Cuſtoms, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Muſick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradiſe of the World; ——— not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe old goury Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the Senſe of: commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity: Here, Son, there's fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your Fathers for you, that underſtand the Neceſſities of young Men; not like our muſty Dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the Water, and ſpoil the Sport of them that can. But now you talk of the Plump, what d'ye think of a *Dutch* Woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman's too compact; nay, every Thing among 'em is ſo; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is ſquab, a *Dutch* Horſe is round, a *Dutch* Dog is ſhort, a *Dutch* ſhip is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole Product of the Country were caſt in the ſame Mould with their Cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Mir.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable Pains to ruin what Nature has made so incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the *French* Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only spoil a very good Air of their own, by an awkward Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the Business in hand; Mistresses we must have, and must take up with the Manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent Diligence we shall find those in *Paris* shall match the *Italians* from Top to Toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend; you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an Ass upon these Occasions, that ——

Mir. Pshaw, you must be bolder, Man: Travel three Years, and bring home such a Baby as Bashfulness! A great lusty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little, —— as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to —— but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as some Women, you know, have a devilish Cast with their Eyes, —— or if they cry, —— what d'ye mean; what d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir —— A Person of Quality to be us'd at this rate! I-gad I'm struck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mir. Words o'course! never mind 'em: Turn you about upon your Heel with a jaunt Air; hum out the End of an old Song; cut a cross Caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*imitates him.*] No hang it, 'twill never do. —— Oons, what did my Father mean by sticking me up in an University, or to think that I shou'd gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whose Genius lies all in their Heels! —— Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they shall have the Education of

of the Country, they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish Humour, put on Assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all Hazards, thou'rt a stout lusty Fellow, and hast a good Estate, look bluff, hector, you have a good side box Face, a pretty impudent Face; so that's pretty well. —— This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Ass. [*Aside.*

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glass, and looks on't.*] A Side-box Face, say you? —— 'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel.* —— Fye, Sir, don't abuse your Friends, I cou'd not wear such a Face for the best Countess in Christendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast Impudence to set a good Face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Brass, with all my Heart. Who comes here? Odso, *Mirabel*, your Father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's *Bob?* dear *Bob?*

Mir. Your Blessing, Sir.

Old Mir. My Blessing! Damn ye, ye young Rogue; why did not you come to see your Father first, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear Child, faith —— Cape. *Durfort*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm yours: Well, my Lads, ye look bravely faith. —— *Bob*, hast got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi' thee a Souse.

Mir. I did but jest, here's ten Pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then hers's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that don't want it; —— Well, and how d'ye like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thousand others —— all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, say you so! And they say, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very ſcurvy Air, the moſt unwholeſome to a *French* Conſtitution in the World.

Mir. Pſhaw, nothing on't; theſe raſcally *Gazetteers* have miſinform'd you.

Old Mir. Miſinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray ſweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son ſaw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you muſt know, that we march'd up a Body of the fineſt, braveſt, well-dreſs'd Fellows in the Univerſe; our Commanders at the Head of us, all Lace and Feather, like ſo many Beaux at a Ball —- I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morbleu.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there ſaw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. I-gad, I ſhall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were ſo civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the reſt, we found 'em ſuch unmannerly, rude, unſociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and ſo we e'en danc'd back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thouſand of us ſtay'd behind.

Old Mir. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pſhaw——becauſe they cou'd not come that Night.——But come, Sir, we were talking of ſomething

thing elſe; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana*?

Old Mir. Ripe, Sir, juſt ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you.——And what wou'd you ſay, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Gueſt too, you ſhall command the Houſe between ye, and I'll be as merry as the beſt of you.

Mir. Bravely ſaid, Father.

Let Miſers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And ſtarve themſelves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, ſtint their Sons what Youth may crave,
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave,
The Stock on which I grew does ſtill diſpenſe
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore ſooths thoſe Paſſions once his own.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Oriana *and* Biſarre.

Biſ. AND you love this young Rake, d'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Biſ. In ſpight of all his ill Uſage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Biſ. What's the Matter wi' ye?

Ori. Pſhaw!

Biſ. Um!——before that any young, lying, ſwearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow ſhou'd play ſuch Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the Stumps with

Lime and Chalk.—O, the Devil take all your *Caſſandra's* and *Cleopatra's* for me. ——— Prithee mind your Airs, Modes, and Faſhions; your Stays, Gowns and Furbelows. Hark'e, my Dear, have you got home your furbelow'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Biſarre*; you know I can be as mad as you when this *Mirabel* is out of my Head.

Biſ. Pſhaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſy.——I warrant now, you'll play the Fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!

Ori. Moſt certainly;—I can't diſſemble, *Biſarre*:—beſides, 'tis paſt that, we're contracted.

Biſ. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor Thing. What you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Hearke'e, Child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.

Biſ. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my Power, I wou'd make a Fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little coquetting with all my Heart! my Buſineſs ſhou'd be to break Gold with my Lover one Hour, and crack my Promiſe the next; he ſhou'd find me one Day with a Prayer-book in my Hand, and with a Play-book another. He ſhou'd have my Conſent to buy the Wedding-Ring, and the next Moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the Contract out o' doors; but the Miſchief on't is, I am ſo fond of being ty'd, that I'm forc'd to be juſt, and the Strength of my Paſſion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex. But here's the old Gentleman.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old. Mir. Where's my Wenches? where's my two little Girls: Eh! Have a care, look to your ſelves, faith,

faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter-in-Law now? *Bifarre, Bifarre*, what say you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Bif. I like him the worſe.

Old Mir. You lie, Huſſey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What ſay you, my t'other little Filbert? he!

Ori. I ſuppoſe the Gentleman will chuſe for himſelf, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's diſcreetly ſaid; and ſo he ſhall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete, *they ſalute the Ladies.*

Bob. Heark'e, you ſhall marry one of theſe Girls, Sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you pleaſe.

Bif. [*Aſide*] He'll find that one may ſerve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me?——Come, Sir, take your Choice.——*Duretete*, you ſhall have your Choice too; but *Robin* ſhall chuſe firſt. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I an't the firſt Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Bawdy-houſe—let me ſee.

Old Mir. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither——Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry.——Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I ſhall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old Mir. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou ſhouldſt make me a Beaſt?

Mir. Your Pardon, Sir, I only meant your Expreſſion.

Old Mir. Heark'e, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before Strangers: I won't be angry this Time. —— But Oons, if ever you do't again, you Raſcal, remember what I ſay.

Mir. Pſhaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a Couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you han't forgot. ——

Mir. No, no, Madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thouſand little *Italian* Curioſities; I'll aſſure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Piſtoles would reach, I han't forgot the leaſt Circumſtance.

Ori. Sir, you miſunderſtand me.

Mir. Odſo, the Relicks, Madam, from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chaſtity before my Departure; a Vow of Chaſtity, or ſomething like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm anſwer'd at preſent. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full Mouth upon me with her Contract——Would I might diſpatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel —— that Lady there, obſerve her, ſhe's wond'rous pretty faith, and ſeems to have but few Words; I like her mainly; ſpeak to her, Man, prithee ſpeak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares——

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing ——What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir. He ſays, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd Lye, Madam; I ſay no ſuch Thing: Are you mad, *Mirabel?* Why, I ſhall drop down with Shame.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyſhip may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going*, Duretete *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold——Why *Mirabel*, Friend, ſure you won't be ſo barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee ſpeak to her for yourſelf, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a *Frenchman* ſhould want Impudence!

Mir.

Mir. Your look mighty demure, Madam,—She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promiſes ſome extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with a Curioſity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Contemplation. Not a Word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord ſhe's ſpeechleſs; if ſhe be, ſhe's mine this Moment.——*Mirabel*, d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural?——

Biſ. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from ſimple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon Admittance——

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a Plague have we here? *Plato* in Petticoats.

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man; ſhe talks in my own Mother-Tongue.

Biſ. 'Tis expoſed to Invalidity from a contradictory Inſtance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident Principles.

Biſ. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is preoccupate.—O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philoſophy; but I ſhall diſcuſs it ſomewhere elſe, being ſatisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to your Sparks, that profeſs the Vanity of the Times. [*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias:* Do you hear, *Duretete?* Doſt hear this ſtarch'd piece of Auſterity?

Dur. She's mine, Man; ſhe's mine: My own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialects, faith. I was ſeven Years at the Univerſity, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.* Did you ever know, Man, that 'twas Metaphyſicks made me an Aſs? It was, faith. Had ſhe talk'd a Word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Faſhions, or the like, I had founder'd at the firſt Step; but as ſhe is—*Mirabel*, wiſh me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely reſolv'd, Captain, now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conqueſt above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promiſe to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all Occaſions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you ſhall ſee me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and ſo conclude in her Bed, *Categorematice*.

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd.——But here comes one to ſpoil my Sport; now ſhall I be terz'd to death with this old faſhion'd Contract. I ſhou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but ſhe'll do nothing without Witneſſes forſooth. I wonder Women can be ſo immodeſt.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you ſhun me?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally ſway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made ſome three Years ago, and that's enough in Conſcience to forget the reſt on't.

Ori. 'Tis ſufficient, Sir, to recollect the paſſing of it; for in that Circumſtance, I preſume, lies the Force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations Madam that are forc'd upon the Will, are no tye upon the Conſcience; I was a Slave to my Paſſion when I paſs'd the Inſtrument; but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulſion which was your own Choice; beſides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Deſires has not the Virtue of a forcible Conſtraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead your Paſſion for the killing of a Man, will hardly exempt you from the Juſtice of the Puniſhment.

Mir.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, you make the Sin of Murther and the Crime of a Contract the very ſame, becauſe that Hanging and Matrimony are ſo much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, theſe Expreſſions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generoſity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generoſity, 'tis at your Service, with all my Heart: I'll keep you a Coach and ſix Horſes, if you pleaſe, only permit me to keep my Honour to myſelf; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that the Thing called Honour is a Circumſtance abſolutely unneceſſary in a natural Correſpondence between Male and Female, and he's a mad Man that lays it out, conſidering its Scarcity, upon any ſuch trivial Occaſions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that could ever get the leaſt Account on't.—Conſider, Madam, you have no ſuch Thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates——thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and ſo get thee about thy Buſineſs.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the Gaiety of your Temper; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of Force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now——I tell thee, Child, there is not the leaſt Occaſion for Morals in any Buſineſs between you and I——Don't you know, that of all Commerce in the World there is no ſuch Cozenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we ſtudy all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another——What is your Buſineſs now, from the Time you throw away your artificial Babies, but how to get natural ones with the moſt Advantage!——No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than

you do to catch poor innocent Men——Why do you ſit three or four Hours at your Toylet in a Morning? only with a villanous Deſign to make ſome poor Fellow a Fool before Night. What are your languiſhing Looks, your ſtudy'd Air and Affectations, but ſo many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom?—— What d'ye ſigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why for a Huſband: That is, you implore Providence to aſſiſt you in the juſt and pious Deſign of making the wiſeſt of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am reſolv'd to uſe it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not ſo faſt——As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; ſo we have Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations of all Sorts and Sizes to make Fools of you. As you are very ſtrange and whimſical Creatures, ſo we are allow'd as unaccountable Ways of managing you. And this, in ſhort, my dear Creature, is our preſent Condition. I have ſworn and ly'd briſkly to gain my Ends of you; your Ladyſhip has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Ends of me.——But, ſince we are both diſappointed, let us make a drawn Battle, and part clear on both Sides.

Ori. With all my Heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never ſee your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you ſhall die a Maid, unleſs you pleaſe to be otherwiſe upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to ſtarve you into Compliance; look'e, you ſhall never marry any Man; and you had as good let me do you a Kindneſs as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, Miſtreſs?

Ori. A Villain, Sir?

Mir. I'm glad on't —— I never knew an honeſt Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon theſe Occaſions.—— Ha'n't you drawn yourſelf now into a very pretty Dilemna? Ha, ha, ha; the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when ſhe thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman ſo cheated into Chaſtity?

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both ſhall be put to the Teſt, to do me Juſtice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law ſhall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any Thing elſe, can it?

Ori. Pſhaw, I deſpiſe thee, —— Monſter.

Mir. Kiſs and be Friends then—Don't cry, Child, and you ſhall have your Sugar-plumb —— Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be ſo unreaſonable as to make you faſt all your Life long? No, I did but jeſt, you ſhall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the Girl a Fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you ſhall find me cunning enough to do my ſelf Juſtice; and ſince I muſt not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me ought of ſpight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee ought of ſpight; and make a moſt confounded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I ſhall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any Time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in Debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toylet ſhall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Periwig ſhall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Clothes, and

when you ſwoon for Vexation, you ſha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have Harts-horn in abundance. ——————

Mir. I'll keep as many Miſtreſſes as I have Coach-Horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your Back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a Thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a Thing as Alimony, ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeparate Maintenance is the Devil—there's their Refuge—o' my Conſcience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, becauſe the Women are ſo handſomely rewarded for't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh, you ſay?

Pet. O Sir, ſhe has a Tongue as long as my Leg, and talks ſo crabbedly, you wou'd think ſhe always ſpoke *Welſh*.

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a Day without ſpeaking a Word, and talk Oracles all the while by the Wrinkles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in philoſophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet.

Pet. Why she's a Critick, Sir, she hates a Jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know ——————.

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practising hard Words, and no Sense, this Hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place yourself behind this Screen, that you may have a View of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I shou'd forget my Lesson.

Pet. Here she comes, Sir, I must fly.

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *stands peeping behind the Curtain.*

Enter Bisarre *and Maid.*

Bis. [*With a Book*] Pshaw, hang Books, they sour our Temper, spoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh! The Devil such a Word there is in all *Aristotle.*

Bis. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fiddler.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Bis. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker Time; ha—wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the Devil sooner, my dear dancing Philosopher.

Bis. Uds my Life!——Here's one. [*Runs to* Dur. *and takes him back.*

Dur. Is all my learn'd Preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, Sir, don't be asham'd, that's my good Boy——you're very welcome, we wanted such a one——Come, strike up——I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely shap'd for't——Come, come, Sir, quick, quick, you miss the Time else.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Biſ. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Biſ. Hang Dialecticks—Mind the Time—quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*] Come, —— and how d'ye find yourſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Biſ. All the better, Patient, all the better; —— Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Biſ. O you're modeſt, Sir—— but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a Bottle of Wine—Come, Sir, ſa, la, lay; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Biſ. O Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a Bumper——here, Sir, bleſs the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions.——By this Light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Biſ. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher.——Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philoſophy that, Faith.

Biſ. Come, off with it to the Bottom. —— Now, how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Biſ. You ſee how a Woman's Fancy varies, ſometimes ſplenetick and heavy, then gay and frolickſome. ——And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Biſ. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for ſhame, and walk about, Action becomes us—a little faſter, Sir —— What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet*, the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not briſk Laſſes? Then there is black Mrs. *Bellair*, and brown Mrs *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam.

Biſ.

Biſ. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always deſpicable——O Lard, Sir, if young Mrs. *Bagatell* had kept herſelf ſingle 'till this Time o'Day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of St. *Germains*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Biſ. And then you muſt have heard of the *Engliſh* Beau, *Spleenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman——

Dur. Hey——not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be ſaved, Madam.

Biſ. No! Why then play me a Jig. Come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have ſprain'd my Leg.

Biſ. Then ſit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Buſineſs with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, diſpatch — Odſo, may be you are ſome Gentleman's Servant, that has brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Veniſon.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Biſ. O; cry you Mercy, I ſaw you juſt now, I miſtook you, upon my Word: you are one of the travelling Gentlemen—and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy*?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more ſerious Intention than your Entertainment has anſwer'd.

Biſ. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greateſt Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expreſſions may turn it to a Complement: Your Viſit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very ſcurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you ſo handſomely laid the Plot.— *Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great Mind to kick you —— Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon —— But I muſt have you to know, Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Virtue is ſufficiently approv'd to thoſe whoſe Opinion is

my

Biſ. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Biſ. Hang Dialecticks—Mind the Time—quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*] Come, —— and how d'ye find yourſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Biſ. All the better, Patient, all the better; —— Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Biſ. O you're modeſt, Sir—— but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a Bottle of Wine—Come, Sir, ſa, la, lay; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Biſ. O Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a Bumper——here, Sir, bleſs the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions.——By this Light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Biſ. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher.——Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philoſophy that, Faith.

Biſ. Come, off with it to the Bottom. —— Now, how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Biſ. You ſee how a Woman's Fancy varies, ſometimes ſplenetick and heavy, then gay and frolickſome. ——And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

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my Interest: And for the rest, let them talk what they will; for when I please I'll be what I please, in spight of you and all Mankind; and so my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this Lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings*] Ha, ha, ha, *Adds my Life: I have a great Mind to kick you!* —— Oons and Confusion? [*Starts up*] Was ever Man so abus'd —— Ay, *Mirabel* let me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a Vengeance, you Dog. [Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Old Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old Mir. BOB, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehension, Sir, for I've heard say, that I resemble my Father.

Old Mir. Your Father is your very humble Slave—I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I must be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any Passage of my Life that I'm asham'd of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear Friend; dost see this Picture? [*Shews him a little Picture.*

Mir. *Oriana's*? Pſhaw!

Old Mir. What, Sir, won't you look upon't? ——— *Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither, now ——— Doſt want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old Mir. Why then here's ſome for thee; come here now ——— How canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Raſcal (don't miſtake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuſe this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue? ——— Why, ſhe ſighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and ſnubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burſt ——— ——— Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your nown Father, be now ——— and then ſee here, read this ——— the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thouſand Pound to her Portion — ten thouſand Pound you Dog; ten thouſand Pound you Rogue; how dare you refuſe a Lady with ten thouſand Pound, you impudent Raſcal?

Mir. Will you hear me ſpeak, Sir?

Old Mir. Hear you ſpeak, Sir! If you had ten thouſand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thouſand Pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Poſt for *Italy* this Moment.

Old Mir. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Mir. The univerſal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a publick Good, and to draw every body into the Common Cauſe; but there are ſome Conſtitutions like ſome Inſtruments, ſo peculiarly ſingular, that they make tolerable Muſick by themſelves, but never do well in a Conſort.

Old Mir. Why this is Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, but yet 'tis Nonſenſe too; for tho' you ſhou'd reaſon like an Angel, if you argue yourſelf out of a good Eſtate, you talk like a Fool.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Cræſus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever ſuch a perverſe Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? was it to diſpute me out of my Senſes? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll ſay 'tis white, and ten to one make me believe it too ——— I thought that young Fellows ſtudy'd to get Money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old Mir. There he has me agen now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what reſpect pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the Hour I was born.

Old Mir. Look'e, Friend, you may perſuade me out of my Deſigns, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reaſon that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty-three, call'd Poſitiveneſs, which you nor all the Wits in *Italy* ſhall ever be able to ſhake; ſo, Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they firſt give us Breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of Doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little afore-hand with the old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to ſettle a thouſand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved Son ſhall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himſelf. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Runs off.*

Old

Old Mir. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old Mir. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it; what have you to ſay againſt my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own Words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my Words? I have ſwallow'd my Words already, I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old Mir. Sir, your Siſter was a fooliſh young Flirt to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rake-helly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you Mercy, old Gentleman, I thought we ſhou'd have the Words again.

Old Mir. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to ſlight old Gentlemen's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought. ——— I ſay, that *Bob*'s an honeſt Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. That dare I, Sir; ——— I ſay, that your Son is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Siſter is, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poiſon the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Siſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old Mir. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go farthеſt. I will do your Siſter Juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate, no body muſt abuſe my Son but myſelf. For altho' *Robin* be a ſad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Biſ. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman —— [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old

Old Mir. Ah, you waxing young Buggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty three?

Bif. A Plot that Sixty-three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir; a *Spanish* Plot less dangerous than that of Eighty-eight, and you must act the *Spaniard* 'cause your Son will least suspect you; and if he shou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expose her Brother.

Old Mir. And what Part will you act in the Business, Madam?

Bif. Myself, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling: these foolish Hearts of ours spoil our Heads presently; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe Usage from me, 'cause I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who must open the Matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer-General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more Discoveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, Sir ——— od's my Life, I'm out of Breath; you must know, Sir——you must know———

Old Mir. What the Devil must we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd——your Son's Secretary of State.

Old Mir. Secretary of State!——who's that, for Heav'n's sake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir? You must know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Master's Clothes, and when he went to dust the Embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole swarm of your Crambo Songs, short-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Pet.

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage: Now, Sir, this Plot will ſtir up his Jealouſy, and we ſhall know by the Strength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, lets about it with ſpeed.

'Tis Expedition gives our King the Sway;
For Expedition too the *French* give way:
Swift to attack, or ſwift—to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing carelеſly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this Fellow to like him?

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my Friend can ſee in this Girl to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant Rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent Mad-Cap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam!

Biſ. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a human Creature, but a prudent Reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a Way, Madam, to force me to that Reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my Heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill Uſage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the abſent; for I'm reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that ſhall mortify your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your Trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little Foundation you have for your dear Sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir.

Mir. And what Piece will you chuſe?

Biſ. Your Heart, to be ſure; 'cauſe I ſhou'd get preſently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Phyſicians, and your Soul to its Maſter.

Mir. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*; methought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up ſo high behind, that I cou'd not ſee her Head for her Tail.

Biſ. The Creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humourous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleaſure that you can give, but that of ſeeing you miſerable. And mark me, Sir, my Friend, my injur'd Friend ſhall yet be doubly happy, and you ſhall be a Huſband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you.

[*Here* Mir. *pulls out a* Virgil, *and reads to himſelf while ſhe ſpeaks.*]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)*
Diſſimulare etiam ſperâſti, perfide tantum [Very true.]
Poſſe nefas.

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a raſcally Trick of your Hero to forſake poor Pug ſo inhumanly.

Biſ. I don't know what to ſay to him. The Devil ——what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the moſt appropo in the World——for, what ſhou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forſaking Lady are batteling it Tooth and Nail. Come, Madam, ſpend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an eaſier Method: I'll be *Æneas* now, and you ſhall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*.

Nec.

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Morituræ tenet crudelis funere Dido ——
Ah, poor *Dido!* [*Looking at her.*

Bif. Rudeneſs, Affronts, Impatience! I could almoſt ſtart out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the Spot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Bif. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was ſpirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Bif. And ſome pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with human Shape to palliate growing Miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their Voices by Degrees.*

Mir. *Perfide, ſed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens*
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Bif. Go, Sir, fly to your Midnight Revels. ——

Mir. [Excellent.] *I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt.
[*Together again.*

Bif. Converſe with Imps of Darkneſs of your Make, your Nature ſtarts at Juſtice, and ſhivers at the Touch of Virtue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he wexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Libyan*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you ſhall act the Part: But you do nothing at all, unleſs you fret yourſelf into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is ſtifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the

cruel

cruel, barbarous, deceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas*. ——— There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* stood
To see her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himself, who ne'er thought good
To stay a second Bout,
Commands him off with all his Crew,
And leavs poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O my Conscience I must excuse *Oriana*,
That Lover soon his angry Fair disarms,
Whose Slighting pleases, and whose Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel!* Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the Matter, *Petit?*

Pet. Most critically met ——— Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game so long, and brought the poor Hare just under his Paws, should let a Mungrel Cur chop in, and run away with the Puss.

Mir. If your Worship can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Mistress and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit*. Marry'd, say you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no Matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I shall take Care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons. [*Bowing low.*

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir,——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this moment to be sacrific'd; marry'd past Redemption.

Mir. I understand her, she'll take a Husband out of Spight to me, and then out of Love to me she will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Person for the Sake of another, and to throw themselves into the Arms of one they hate, to secure their Pleasure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Pet. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyship's most humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! Room for my Lady's Coach, a Front-row in the Box for her Ladyship; Lights, Lights for her Honour.——Now must I be a constant Attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my Way to my Lady's Couchee——a Countess, I presume, Sir.

Pet. A *Spanish* Count, Sir, that Mr. *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to *Paris*, saw your Mistress Yesterday, marries her To-day, and whips her into *Spain* To-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees?* Had she marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet-deux, I would be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a Care, Sir, he's a rough cross-grained Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. *Dugard*, or the Lady herself, something might be done, for it is in Despight to you, that the Business is carry'd so hastily. Odso, Sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Mir. *dressed in a* Spanish Habit, *leading* Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord a nobler Choice had better suited your Lordship's Merit. My Person, Rank, and Circumstance, expose me as the publick Theme of Raillery, and subject me to so injurious Usage, my Lord,

Lord, that I can lay no Claim to any Part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital Air, that dares preſume
With rude Behaviour to profane ſuch Excellence?
Shew me the Man——
And you ſhall ſee how my ſudden Revenge
Shall fall upon the Head of ſuch Preſumption.
Is this Thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a Stranger.

Old Mir. O your Pardon, Sir.——but if you had—remember, Sir—the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you underſtand me—Come, Madam. [*Leads* Oriana *to the Door, ſhe goes off,* Mir. *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Mir. E coute, Monſieur Le Count.

Old Mir. Your Buſineſs, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spaniſh, my Lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old Mir. A very conciſe Quarrel, truly—I'll bully him.——*Trinidade Seigneur,* give me fair Play. [*Offering to riſe.*

Mir. By all Means, Sir. [*Takes away his Sword*] Now *Seigneur,* where's that bombaſt Look, and fuſtian Face your Countſhip wore juſt now? [*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right!—But hold, Sirrah, no more Jeſting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! Then by this Light I could find in my Heart to pay thee. [*Aſide.*] Is the Fellow mad? Why ſure, Sir, I ha'nt frighted you out of your Senſes?

Old Mir. But you have, Sir.

Mir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Old Mir. Why, Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellows downright diſtracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence! wou'dſt thou make me believe that ſuch a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Maſquerading thus? That a Perſon of threeſcore and three would run about in a Fool's Coat to diſgrace himſelf and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch an Affront to paſs upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll ſend your Soul to thy Grandfather this Minute! [*Offering to ſtab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the ſaucy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll uſe you accordingly.

Old Mir. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir, we have all got nothing but Blows ſince we began to take their Part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the reſt to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me Way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.

[*Offering to go.*

Mir. My Father!

Old Mir. Ay, you Dog's Face! I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a Trick, it ſeems a Deſign, a Contrivance, a Stratagem——Oh! how my Bones ake!

Old Mir. Your Bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, han't I been beating my own Fleſh and Blood all this while? O, Madam, [*To* Oriana.] I wiſh

wiſh your Ladyſhip Joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed.

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixote* battle for you bravely? My Father will anſwer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't inſult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I ſtand tamely now.—— [*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his Siſter.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord face at me?

Dug. On what Preſumption, Sir, dare you aſſume thus? [*Draws.*

Old Mir. What's that to you, Sir. [*Draws.*

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints.

[Oriana *falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! ſhe'll come to herſelf; If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Aſſa Fœtida*——If Jealouſy, Harts-horn in Water——If the Mother, burnt Feathers——If Grief, *Ratifia*——If it be ſtrait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy.

Ori. Hold off, give me Air——O my Brother, would your preſerve my Life, endanger not your own; would you defend my Reputation, leave it to itſelf; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion prove victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another Thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my Indiſpoſition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taſte of your Sex, excuſes this Artifice in ours.

For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with fooliſh Men prevail. [*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way ſtill left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any Relation to *Spain*.

Dug. I ſcorn all Artifice whatſoever; my Sword ſhall do her Juſtice.

Pet. Pretty Juſtice, truly! Suppoſe you run him thro' the Body; you run her thro' the Heart at the ſame Time.

Old Mir. And me thro' the Head—rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if ſhe pretended to go into a Nunnery, and ſo bring him about to declare himſelf?

Dug. That I muſt confeſs has a Face.

Old Mir. Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the moſt beautiful Plot in *Chriſtendom*. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Duretete *and* Mirabel.

Dur. [*In a Paſſion.*] And tho' I can't dance, nor ſing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know I can, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canſt, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me ſee the proudeſt Man alive make a Jeſt of me?

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threaten'd to be kick'd! Confuſion! Sir, you ſet me on, and I will have Satisfaction; all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I muſt give this Thunderbolt ſome Paſſage, or 'twill break upon my own Head——— Look'e, *Duretete*, what do theſe Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me, to be ſure———Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 *Gen.* You're miſtaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had a private Reaſon.

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and obſerve me, I won't be nam'd; it ſhan't be mention'd, not even whiſper'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye ſmile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my Word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryer with his Crown a ſhaving.

Mir. [*Aſide to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll ſtand by you.

1 *Gen.* I gad and ſo we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murther ye. [*Fights, and beats them off,* Mir. *runs over to his Side.*

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, bravely done, *Duretete*, there you had him, noble Captain; hey, they run, they run, *Victoria*, *Victoria*———Ha, ha, ha——how happy am I in an excellent Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoſo's and Men of Senſe, a parcel of ſour fac'd ſplenetick Rogues———a Man of my thin Conſtitution ſhould never want a Fool in his Company: I don't affect your fine Things that improve the Underſtanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcaſe: And in my Conſcience, a Man of Senſe is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lion without a Jackall; he hunts for our Diverſion, ſtarts Game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with Pleaſure.

I hate the Man who makes Acquaintance nice,
And ſtill diſcreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And muſt give Reaſons for whate'er he ſays.

The Man, indeed, whoſe Converſe is ſo full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careleſs Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who ſtill is merry, but does ne'er deſign it;
And ſtill is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
Who when he's moſt in earneſt, is the beſt;
And his moſt grave Expreſſion is a Jeſt. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbeſs is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: Your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Siſter refus'd to ſee him. He went off more nettled at his Repulſe, than I thought his Gaiety could admit.

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?——O! Mr. *Mirabel,* you have done fine Things for your Poſterity—— And you, Mr. *Dugard,* may come to anſwer this—— I come to demand my Friend at your Hands; reſtore him, Sir, or—— [*To Old* Mir.

Old Mir. Reſtore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cauſe on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by ſhutting up your Siſter yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage?——Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, becauſe ſhe has deſerted him, he has forſaken the World; and in three Words, has———

Old Mir. Hang'd himſelf!

Dur. The very ſame, turn'd Fryer.

Old Mir. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worſe. *Bob* turn'd Fryer!——Why ſhou'd the Fellow ſhave his fooliſh Crown when the ſame Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Intereſt over him, loſe not a Minute: He has thrown himſelf into the next Monaſtery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and diſcharge his Equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll ſacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the moſt Right to the Child.———But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Eſtate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old Mir. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches———Ten thouſand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege———Come, Gentlemen, all Hands to work; for half that Sum, one of theſe Monaſteries ſhall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Huſband, and a Diſobedient Son from his own Father. [*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye perſuade me that he's gone to a Monaſtery?

Dur. Is your Siſter gone to the *Filles Repenties?* I tell you, Sir, ſhe's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why ſo, Sir?

Dur.

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*; Dug. *after him.*

SCENE, *the Inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, *Biſarre*, there is no harm in jeſting with this Religious Habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt Jeſt in the Habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning People with the Keys of *Paradiſe*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Conſtraint.——Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt Company when among ourſelves; for our private Thoughts run us into thoſe Deſires, which our Pride reſiſts from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the firſt Woman met the Devil when ſhe retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; becauſe I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe did before!——Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dreſs, our Sex's Devotion were righty plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we ſhou'd all be Canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit in dedicating a beautiful Face and Perſon to the Service of Religion?

Biſ. Not half ſo much as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no Buſineſs in this World, why was it ſent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handſome Perſons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Vicciſſitude of Fortune, the Inconſtancy of Man, with other Diſappointments of Life, require

ſome Place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Perſecution.

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know that Religion conſiſts in Charity with all Mankind; and that you ſhould never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Buſineſs, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give freſh Orders that he ſhan't ſee you: We get more by hiding our Faces ſometimes, than by expoſing them; a very Maſk, you ſee, whets Deſire; but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Grate fire double upon 'em, with View and Diſguiſe. But I muſt be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourſelf with that Coxcomb?

Biſ. Becauſe he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Aſs of, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Meſſage from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou charming Nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the News? [*Runs to her.*

Biſ. Don't you ſee who's below?

Ori. I ſee no body but a Fryer.

Biſ. Ah! Thou poor blind *Cupid!* O' my Conſcience, theſe Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads inſtantly! the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, than we turn Foo's. A Fryer! Don't you ſee a villainous genteel Mein under that Cloak of Hypocriſy, the looſe careleſs Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Fryer! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earneſt,

Biſ. In earneſt: Ha, ha, ha, are you in earneſt? Now's your time; this Diſguiſe has he certainly taken for a Paſſport, to get in and try your Reſolutions; ſtick to your Habit, to be ſure; treat him with Diſdain,

dain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more than Paſſion: Remember what I ſay, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be ſure.

The cunning Gameſters never gain too faſt,
But loſe at firſt, to win the more at laſt. *Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into ſome Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I miſtruſt myſelf; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to ſee him tho'.

What a ſtrange Power has this ſentſtick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we moſt deſire!

Enter Mirabel *in a Fryer's Habit.*

Mir. Save you, Siſter——Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard for your Soul's Health, has ſent me to prepare you for the ſacred Habit by Confeſſion.

Ori. That's falſe, the cloven Foot already. [*Aſide.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, ſacred Sir, I confeſs, that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My preſent Peace, my future Bliſs, the Joy of Earth, and Hopes of Heaven! I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright ſtark mad in earneſt; Death and Confuſion, I have loſt her! [*Aſide.*] You confeſs your Fault, Madam, in ſuch moving Terms, that I could almoſt be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whoſe Breaſt I thought my Heart ſecure, turn'd Robber, and deſpoil'd the Treaſure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treaſure he eſteems ſo much, that like the Miſer, tho' afraid to uſe it, he reſerves it ſafe.

Ori. No, holy father; who can be Miſer in another's Wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His Heart was open, ſhar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! muſt then become of mine! But the ſame eyes that drew this Paſſion in, ſhall ſend it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow.——

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on my Knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Ha! No Concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the Time has been, that ſuch a ſudden Change wou'd have ſurpriz'd me into ſome Confuſion.

Mir. Reſtore that happy Time, for I am now return'd to myſelf, for I want but Pardon to deſerve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, fordid Man; why wou'd you act a Thing to make you kneel, Monarch in your Pleaſures to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conqueſts of your wandring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the baſe cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor! Pray Heav'n this Change be real. [*Aſide.*

Mir. I come not here to juſtify my Fault but my Submiſſion, for tho' there be a Meanneſs in this humble Poſture, 'tis nobler ſtill to bend when Juſtice calls, than to reſiſt Conviction.

Ori. No more —— thy oft repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the ſevereſt Calumny to hear thee ſpeak; that humble Poſture which once cou'd raiſe, now mortifies my Pride; how canſt thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by aſking it?

Mir. Riſes.] In my own Cauſe I'll plead no more, but give me leave to intercede for you againſt the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my Fault you wear.

Ori. Surpriſing Inſolence! My greateſt Foe pretends to give me Counſel; but I am too warm upon ſo cool a Sub-

a Subject. My Réſolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, ſo I ſhall ſpare ſome Tears to the Separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewel.

Mir. And muſt I loſe her? No. [*Runs, and catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll uſe the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Juſtice you refuſe; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow ſo ſacred to diſannul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cauſe 'gainſt all Monaſtick Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Raviſher! Wou'd you prophane theſe holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my paſt Diſgrace now offers, thy Life ſhou'd anſwer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again. [*Kneels.*

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madneſs! Confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you ſay, Sir!

Old Mir. I ſay ſhe's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have loſt my Child by theſe Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old. Mir. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to Reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him and a thouſand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] My dear Father, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Old Mir. My dear Boy, [*Runs and kiſſes him.*] Welcome *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy, 'tis all a Trick, ſhe's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No!

Old Mir. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my dear Dad, for the moſt happy News —— And now moſt venerable holy ſiſter. [*Kneels.*

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of aſking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earneſt; Women make the beſt Nuns always when they can't do otherwiſe. Ah, my dear Father, there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think; the free Deportment of ſuch Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you deſtroy'd what was ſo near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

Old Mir. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant, ſhe is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryer this Moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old Fool ſo banter'd by a Brace o'young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's ſpoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confuſion, Love, Anger, and Diſappointment, will work my Brain to Madneſs.

[*Throws off her Habit.* Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have ſerv'd a turn for us both, and they ſhall e'en go off together.

[*Takes off his Habit.*

Thus the ſick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Eſſays for Life are vain;
When the Phyſician can no more deſign,
Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.
What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven reſtore his Health!
Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth:
But if reſtor'd to Vigour as before,
His Health refuſes what his Sickneſs ſwore.
The Body is no ſooner Rais'd and Well,
But the weak Soul relapſes into Ill;
To all its former Swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promiſes in Bed.

Exit, *throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *House:* Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. [*Reads.*]

MY Rudeneſs was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found ſo agreeable, that I own myſelf penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your firſt Appearance to

BISARRE.

Mirabel ſwears ſhe loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel Gallantry, and welcome Revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Biſarre.

Well, Miſtreſs, do you love me!

Biſ. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modeſty of———

Dur. Of what? of a Dancing Devil!——Do you love me, I ſay?

Biſ. Perhaps I———

Dur. What?

Biſ. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll——

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, ſtand there; and ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes———Firſt, the direct Surpriſe *(She looks full upon him.)* Right; next the *Deuxye ux par oblique.* *(She gives him the ſide Glance.)* Right; now depart, and languiſh. *(She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.)* Very well; now ſigh. *(She ſighs.)* Now drop your Fan a purpoſe. *(She drops her Fan.)* Now take it up again: Come now, confeſs your Faults; are not you a proud———ſay after me.

Biſ. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Biſ. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous,

Biſ. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flurt.

Biſ. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Miſchief; aſk my Pardon immediately.

Biſ. I do, Sir, I only miſtook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Biſ. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handſomly; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, burſts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Hell broke looſe upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again?

Biſ. That you are upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1 *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to ſee him angry; come begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the beſt natur'd Fellow in the World.

2 *Lady.* A Man! We're miſtaken, a Man has Manners; the aukward Creature is ſome Tinker's Trull in a Periwig.

Biſ. Come, Ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! the Devil you will!

Biſ. I'll lay my Life, ſome great Dairy-Maid in Man's Clothes.

Dur. They will do't; —— look'e, dear Chriſtian Women, pray hear me.

Biſ. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur.

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my Honour, I'll do any thing in the World.

Biſ. Will you perſuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be ſure.

Biſ. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coaſt be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha, the Viſit, Ladies, was critical for our Diverſions, we'll go make an end of our Tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you ſend all the Biſhops in *France* to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their Doctrine againſt their Practice.

Old Mir. But will you diſobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make ſport to a Woman, ſubject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours, and Caprices, to have her one day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh, the next day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succeſſion of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Fleſh and Blood.

Old Mir. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think that Marriage, like Treaſon, ſhould attaint the whole Body; pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable becauſe you throw yourſelf down from one Story, that I muſt caſt myſelf headlong from the Garret Window? You wou'd compel me to that State, which I have heard you curſe yourſelf, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then ſhe was breeding of you, which ſhew'd what an expenſive Dog I ſhould have of you.

Enter

Enter Petit.

Well *Petit*, how does ſhe now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos* ——— Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I ſpeak truth, now when I confeſs that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lyes; our Jeſting is come to a ſad Earneſt, ſhe's downright diſtracted.

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. Where is this mighty Victor! ——— The great Exploit is done; go triumph in the Glory of your Conqueſt, inhumane, barbarous Man! O Sir, *(To the old Gentleman)* your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you, where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has ſhe found her Ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the Fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting ſuch another diſobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. *(Cries.*

Enter Dugard *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old Mir. Patience, Patience, Sir.

(Old Mirabel *holds him.*

Bob, draw. *(Aſide.*

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's Failing, when thus provok'd——Villain!

Mir. Your Siſter's Frenzy ſhall excuſe your Madneſs; and to ſhew my Concern for what ſhe ſuffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother. — Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like yours, that ſwells at an Affront receiv'd, but melts at an Injury given; and if the lovely *Oriana*'s Grief be ſuch a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breaſt, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that ſoft Compaſſion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.——There, there, behold an Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as ſhe: *(Enter* Oriana *mad, held by two Maids, who*

who put her in a Chair.) A Sister that my dying Parents left, with their last Words and Blessing to my Care. Sister, dearest Sister. *(Goes to her.*

Old Mir. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;—— Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in Love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens? —I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantick Sights. Take heed, it comes now————What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that Face sure.————How light my Head is!

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madness! these sudden Starts of undigested Words shoot thro' my Soul, with more persuasive Force than all the study'd Art of labour'd Eloquence.——Come, Madam, try to repose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to Church, and I must dress me, put on my new Gown, and be so fine, to meet my Love. Hey ho!—— Will not you tell me where my Heart lies bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd——Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering Face; but 'tis a fine one ——I warrant you have five hundred Mistresses—— Ay, to be sure, a Mistress for every Guinea in his Pocket—— Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow——And will you ring my Passing-Bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whose Nature, even distracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Sense, his Learning boast, when Woman's Madness over-rules his Reason. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Ori. No,—— but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance—in the Grave. *(Weeps.*

Mir.

Mir. Oh Tears, I muſt believe you; ſure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madneſs; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul ſo toſs'd with Storms of Paſſion, that I could cry for help as well as ſhe.—— [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Ori. What have you loſt your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love ſo loud, that I may call your Senſes to their Place, reſtore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and reinſtate myſelf into your Favour.

Biſ. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; ſhe trembles, hold her, her Fits grow ſtronger by her talking; don't trouble her, ſhe don't know you, Sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! what then? ſhe loves to ſee him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye ſad, and ſuch a ridiculous Subject, ſuch a very good Jeſt among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, deſtroy'd a Lady, and my Deſire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, ſhe's mad.

Dur. Mad! doſt wonder at that? By this Light, they're all ſo; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad; I juſt now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almoſt —— What, is ſhe dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for 'till they be as cold as a Key, there's no truſting them; you're never ſure that a Woman's in earneſt, 'till ſhe is nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, Miſtreſs?

Biſ. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Mir.

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here diſclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has reſtor'd my Senſes, and was ſhe perfect now, as once ſhe was (before you all I ſpeak it) ſhe ſhould be mine; and as ſhe is, my Tears and Prayers ſhall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this Declaration been ſome Hours ago.

Biſ. Sir, ſhe beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. Oh, Sir.

Mir. Speak my charming Angel, if your dear Senſes have regain'd their Order; ſpeak, Fair, and bleſs me with the News.

Ori. Firſt, let me bleſs the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has reſtor'd to my poor labouring Breaſt the deareſt, beſt belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all ye Spheres, your Inſtruments of Joy, and carry round your ſpacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana*'s Health; her Soul, whoſe Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was ſo mad to counterfeit for me;
I was ſo mad to pawn my Liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir, Free!

Mir. As Air, my dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lunatick! Look ye, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madneſs ſo very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long —— Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monſter! you won't diſgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in Gentlemen. ——— A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's diſpoſſeſs'd, the Devil's vaniſh'd.

Enter

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old Mir. Bleſs us, was ſhe poſſeſs'd?

Mir. With the worſt of Dæmons, Sir, a Marriage-Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard*, don't be ſurpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Siſter; no mad Doctor in Chriſtendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care ſhe don't relapſe; if ſhe ſhould, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure ſometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, moſt barbarous Man, will prove the greateſt Poiſon to my Health; for tho' my former Frenzy was but counterfeit, I now ſhall run into a real Madneſs. — [*Exit*; Old Mir. *after.*

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm ſo confus'd, I know not how to reſent it. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'ſcap'd? Was not I juſt now upon the Brink of Deſtruction?

Enter Duretete.

O, my Friend, let me run into thy Boſom; no Lark, eſcap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more diſmal Apprehenſion.

Dur. The matter, Man!

Mir. Marriage, Hanging; I was juſt at the Gallows-foot, the running Nooſe about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me. —— Oh —— I ſhan't be myſelf this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you ſo? They are all alike, Saints or Devils: their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit; for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay: There's no living here with Security: this Houſe is ſo full of Stratagem and Deſign, that I muſt abroad again.

Dur. With all my Heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad; I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll ſet out for *Italy* to-morrow Morning.

Mir.

Mir. A Match; I'll go pay my Complement of leave to my Father preſently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll ſtop you.

Mir. What pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thouſand Pound a Year upon me! No, no, he has paſs'd away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the ſake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and croud the Great?
Hopes, Intereſt, and Dependence, make their State:
Behold the Anti-Chamber fill'd with Beaux,
A Horſe's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their Sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependence, ev'n a Father's Sway ſecures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Play-houſe; Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-box had my Attention: Theſe impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to ſupport them, and to kill every body elſe.

For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:

The

The Poet's Hero ſhould not move their Pain,
But they ſhou'd weep for thoſe their Eyes have ſlain.

Dur. Hoity, toity; did *Phyllis* inſpire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-houſe is the Element of Poetry, becauſe the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inſpiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where elſe, they ſit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject ſlaves about them: Their beſt Clothes, beſt Looks, ſhining Jewels, ſparkling Eyes, the Treaſure of the World in a Ring. Then there's ſuch a hurry of Pleaſure to tranſport us; the Buſtle, Noiſe, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Muſick, and Applauſe: I cou'd wiſh that my whole Life long were the firſt Night of a new Play.

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you beſpoke Poſt-Horſes?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to diſcover the Lady, one to unfold myſelf, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the World's end.

Dur. Haſt thou the Impudence to promiſe thy ſelf a Lady of her Figure and Quality in ſo ſhort a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir——I have a confident Addreſs, no diſagreeable Perſon, and five hundred *Lewidores* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores!* You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, ſhe's worth five thouſand; one of her black Brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head. I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out-ſparkled the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana*'s Pretenſions to Marriage, you lov'd her paſſionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir.

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other Day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, becauſe I cou'd not have it, I muſt eat nothing.

Dur. Prithee, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow 'ſcapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Curteſan*'s Window at *Bologna*, to ſave your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we poſſeſs comparable to what we deſire——be ſhy of a Lady barefac'd in the Front-Box with a thouſand Pound in Jewels about her Neck! For ſhame, no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Clothes with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your Name, *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy*.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Mir. [*Reads*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Proteſtant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of this Youth, [a pretty Boy.] *He's fond of ſome handſome Service that may afford him Opportunity of Improvement; your Care of him will oblige*

Yours.

Has't a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Deſire, Sir; I ſhould be pleas'd to ſerve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you ſhall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it ſafe; the Rogue's [*Noiſe without*] too handſome ——— The Play's done, and ſome of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train born up by a Page.*

Mir. Duretete, the very Dear, Identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis ſhe.

Dur.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Min. Then! Why, —— Look'e, Sirrah, the firſt piece of Service I put upon you, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where ſhe lives.

[*To* Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of loſing myſelf.

Mir. Pſhaw.,

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can ſee no ſign of your Ladyſhip's Coach

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk ſomewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. Theſe Servants are the Plague of our Lives, what ſhall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes, Fortune pimps for me; now *Duretete* for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't ſure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servants Neglect, Madam, put your Ladyſhip to any Inconvenience, for you can't be diſappointed of an Equipage whilſt mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the Maſter ſo far, he would be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Sir, I won't preſume to be troubleſome, for my Habitation is a great Way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd, beſides, Madam, a Hackney-Coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Beaſt, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more Occaſion you have for a Guard——pray, Madam——

Lam. Lard, Sir.——[*He ſeems to preſs, ſhe to decline it in dumb ſhew.*

Dur. Ah! The Devil's in his Impudence; now he wheedles, ſhe ſmiles; he flatters, ſhe ſimpers; he ſwears, ſhe believes; he's a Rogue, and ſhe's a W— in a Moment.

Mir.

Mir. Without there! my Coach; *Duretete*, wiſh me Joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wiſh you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard*, go follow your Maſter, and he'll lead you——

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy, Child: 'tis the Faſhion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exerciſes——go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir; that Woman may do him ſome harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now Mr. *Page*, do you ſtart up to give Laws of a ſudden; do you pretend to riſe at Court, and diſapprove the Pleaſure of your Betters: Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd riſe by a great Man, be ſure to be with him in his little Actions, and, as a Step to your Advancement, follow your Maſter immediately, and make it your Hope that he goes to a Bawdy Houſe.

Ori. Heav'ns forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I ſooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a ſtrange Antipathy have I taken againſt theſe Creatures; a Woman to me is Averſion upon Averſion, a Cheeſe, a Cat, a Breaſt of Mutton, the ſqueeling of Children, the grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle.

SCENE, *a handſome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was ſomething more than good Breeding, pleaſe to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Deſire, as you have already upon my Neceſſity.

Mir. Your Deſire, Madam, has only prevented my Requeſt: my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam, Eleven, Twelve, One, Two, Three, and all that belong to thoſe happy Minutes.

Lam. But I muſt trouble you, Sir, to diſmiſs your Retinue, becauſe an Equipage at my Door, at this

time of Night, will not be conſiſtent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy—Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you ſtay; 'tis a fooliſh Country Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir? I ſhould be ſorry if you made any ſiniſter Conſtructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I muſt not pretend to remark upon any body's Freedom, having ſo entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our eaſy Correſpondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.——Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam,—— I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is——

Mir. Muſtapha.——Now, Madam, the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth noble; I was marry'd young, to a proud, rude, ſullen, imperious Fellow; the Huſband ſpoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face, 'till at laſt I took Heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, ſu'd my Tyrant, and recover'd my Fortune——I liv'd from fifteen to twenty to pleaſe a Huſband; from twenty to forty I'm reſolv'd to pleaſe myſelf, and from thence upwards ill humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage.

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and ſomething I ſaw of a well-furniſh'd, careleſs, agreeable Tout about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly Demands with ſuch an arch Modeſty, that I don't know how——but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha, I'm elop'd.

Mir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoice in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Muſtapha*, you have got the fineſt Ring there, I cou'd ſcarcely believe it right; pray let me ſee it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right —— but, but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family Ring, Madam, an old-faſhion'd Family-Ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir ——— If you can entertain yourſelf with a Song for a Moment, I'll wait on you immediately; come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you pleaſe, Sir.

Mir. the new Song —— *Prithee*, Phillis, *&c.*

SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a ſtrange intriguing Humour when I was born—Ay, this Night ſhou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I ſhou'd like well enough: But what ſhou'd I have to-morrow Night? The ſame. And what next Night? The ſame. And what next Night? The very ſame: Soop for Breakfaſt, Soop for Dinner, Soop for Supper, and Soop for Breakfaſt again———But here's Variety.

I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modeſt for a Hypocrite.

[Lamorce *appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes ſtep in before her. He ſtarts back.*

She comes, ſhe comes——Hum, hum——Bitch——Murder'd murder'd to be ſure? The curſed Strumpet! To make me ſend away my Servants ——— no Body near me! Theſe Cut-throats always make ſure Work.

What ſhall I do? I have but one way. Are theſe Gentlemen your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen your moſt humble Servant; Sir, your moſt faithful, yours, Sir, with all my Heart; your moſt obedient —— come, Gentlemen, [*Salutes all round*] pleaſe to ſit —— no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my Friends?

[*They all ſit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the moſt finiſh'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have travell'd?

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I preſume?

1 *Bra.* In a Weſtern Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha; Sir, you have got the prettieſt Ring upon your Finger there ——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart. [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no Means, Sir, a Family-Ring!

[*Takes it.*

Mir. No Matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound, by this Light. [*Aſide.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's a Clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my Watch at home.

2 *Brav.* I thought I ſaw the String of it juſt now——

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is —— but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear Sir, an *Engliſh* Watch! *Tompion*'s, I preſume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam —— no Ceremony —— 'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul —— *Tompion*'s! Hang ye. [*Aſide.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all Things, I admire the Faſhion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. Sir, I won't ſell it.

1 *Bra.* Not ſell it, Sir!

Mir. No, Gentlemen,——but I'll beſtow it with all my Heart. [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O, Sir, we ſhall rob you.

Mir. That you do I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir,——Gentlemen you're too modeſt, have I any thing elſe that you fancy?—— Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the* 1 *Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the Favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a Family-Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it——

Mir. Sir your moſt humble Servant.

[*They change Wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your moſt humble Slave.

[*Goes up foppiſhly to the Lady, ſalutes her.*

2 *Bra.* The Fellow's very liberal; ſhall we murder him!

1 *Bra.* What! Let him 'ſcape to hang us all! And I to loſe my Wig; no, no! I want but a handſome Pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we muſt act like Gentlemen. Here, ſome Wine——[*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health.

[*Pulls* Mirabel *by the Noſe.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your moſt humble Servant; a pleaſant Frolick enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Noſe; ha, ha, ha, the pleaſanteſt pretty-humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glaſs. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir: But I tell ye what; I find we're all inclin'd to be frolickſome, and I'gad, for my own part, I was never more diſpoſed to be merry; let's make a Night on't, ha!——This Wine is pretty, but I have ſuch *Burgundy* at home.——Look'e, Gentlemen, let me ſend for half a dozen Flaſks of my *Burgundy*, I defy *France* to match it;——'Twill make us all Life, all Air, pray, Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy!*

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here call up the Gentleman's Servant ——— What think you, *Lamorce?*

Lam. Yes, yes, ——— your Servant is a fooliſh Country Boy, Sir, he underſtands nothing but Innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam. ——— Here, Page, [*Enter* Oriana] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to ſend half a dozen Flaſks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thouſand; and be ſure you make haſte, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear, Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, Child, take a Glaſs of Wine——— Your Maſter and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolick.——Where had you this pretty Boy, honeſt *Muſtapha?*

Ori. Muſtapha!

Mir. Out of *Picardy* ——— this is the firſt Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir.

Mir. The red, mark'd a thouſand, and be ſure you make haſte.

Ori. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any Fancy for my Coat? —— Look'e, Sir, it has ſerv'd a great many honeſt Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not ſo faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a ſcurvy Trick of leaving all its Maſters in Neceſſity.—The Inſolence of theſe Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. [*Aſide.*

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I ſhou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy ——— he'll make ſome confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't, I wou'd not be diſappointed of my Wine for the Univerſe.

Lam.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir; but Supper's ready, will you please to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O, Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then, ——— we have nothing but a Plate of Soup.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-Soop I cou'd dispense with now. [*Aside.*] [*Exit. handing the Lady.*

2 *Bra.* That Wig won't fall to your Share.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll settle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman shall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be sure. I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *English* Rogues, that will hazard the Meeting a Man at the Bar that they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *House.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forsaken me, I have abandon'd my Mistress, my Time lies heavy on my Hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket——But now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon Duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honest Lieutenant over a Flask of Wine, a Rakehelly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco.

[*Going off,* Bis. *meets him.*

Bis. Who come there? stand!

Dur. Hey day, now she's turn'd Dragoon.

Bis. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again. ——I design to wait on you as far as *Italy.*

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales.*

Bis. Wales! What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a High-Road.

Biſ. Rather always in a High-Road, 'cauſe you travel all upon Hills; ——— but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to ſail to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Biſ. *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for ſailing.

Dur. But ſuppoſe we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Biſ. Suppoſe I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppoſe I go to a Bawdy-houſe.

Biſ. Suppoſe I ſhew you the Way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and ſmoak a Pipe?

Biſ. *Allons donc!*

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman; ——— ſuppoſe I hang myſelf.

Biſ. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir [*Catches him by the Arm going*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam, ——— or I ſhall think that you're a Man, and perhaps may examine you.

Biſ. Sir if you dare; I have ſtill Spirits to attend me; and can raiſe ſuch a muſter of Fairies as ſhall puniſh you to death ——— Come, Sir, ſtand there now and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languiſhing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take my Fan, ——— faſter. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handſomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Biſ. Hold, hold, dear humorous Coxcomb; Captain, ſpare my Fan, and I'll — Why, you rude, inhuman Monſter, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve Pence; for that is the Price on't.

Biſ. Sir, it coſt a Guinea.

Dur.

Dur. Well, Madam, you shall have the Sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous below my Concern. I must follow him however, to know if he can give me any News of *Oriana*. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel *Solus.*

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you:——Was not I two Hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing ——*Mirabel?* How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming Prospect of a long Scene of Years? Life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised Joys is more than Death; the Manner too, by Villains.——O my *Oriana*, this very Moment might have blest'd me in thy Arms! and my poor Boy, the innocent Boy!——Confusion!—But hush, they come: I must dissemble still——No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your Country-Booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't:——True, Sir, you're a pleasant Gentleman, but I suppose you understand our Business.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I presume, you a Physician, you a Scrivener, and you a Stock-jobber.——All Cut-throats, I-gad. [*Aside.*

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken Officer; I was cashier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a Soldier too, and wou'd serve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more Honour than to fight in a bad Cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Estate, but I must have my Whore and my Bottle, thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1 *Bra.* I am a Ruffian too, by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In ſhort, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. ——Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

Mir. I ſcorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O there's the Wine;——— this Moment for (*knocking*) my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Loſt, for ever loſt! ———Where's the Wine, Child? [*faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir. [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete *with his Sword drawn, and ſix of the grand Muſquetteers with their Pieces preſented, the Ruffians drop their Swords.* [Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine. Youth, Pleaſure, Fortune, Days and Years, are now my own again.———Ah, my dear Friends, did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry? —— Dear Captain, theſe Gentlemen are the beſt-natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the Wine is come—ſee there? (*Pointing to the Soldiers.*) Your Ladyſhip has got a very fine Ring upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it ſo? Thou dear Seven hundred Pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my Heart —— Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the fineſt built Watch there! *Tompion*'s, I preſume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much —— Rob you of all!——*(Taking it from her)* Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retriev'd thee! *(Putting it up)* What my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady.——How now—is it civil to be so out of Humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you're surpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolicks, you must know.—— Some Wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health. *[Tweaks the first* Bravo *by the Nose; he roars.* But now, where,——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy!

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our Crew below-stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? Dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortured, rack'd, torn to Pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy,——Here, Page! Page! Page! *(Runs out)*

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be sure you secure those Fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;——He, he, he.—— I'm so pleas'd to think that I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die——Well, Mistress *Snap-Dragon*, which of these honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife?

1 *Bra.* Sir, she should have been mine to-night, 'cause *Sampre* here had her last Night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Justice. *[The Guards carry off the* Bravoes.

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Bisarre.

Old. Mir. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob?* where's my Boy?——

What, is this the Lady? a pretty Whore, faith?—Heark'e Child, becauſe my Son was ſo civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam,——and you ſhall have a ſwinging Equipage, three or four thouſand Footmen at your Heels at leaſt.

Dur. No leſs becomes her Quality.

Biſ. Faugh! the Monſter!

Dur. Monſter! ay, you're all a little monſtrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old. Mir. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou ſafe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the Saver of my Life is loſt.

Old. Mir. No, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he?——[*Enter* Oriana.] Ha! (*Runs and embraces her.*) My dear Preſerver, what ſhall I do to recompence your Truſt?——Father, Friends, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the moſt ignominious Death, from the ſcandalous Poinards of theſe bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n would have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach. ——My Life, Eſtate, my All, is due to ſuch a Favour——Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, ſo kind indulgent Stars, I ſwear to grant whate'er you aſk.

Ori. To the ſame Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Juſtice of my Claim; I ſhall demand but what was mine before———the juſt Performance of your Contract to *Oriana*.

[*Diſcovering herſelf.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this Diſguiſe I reſolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited that Letter that got me into your Service; and ſo, by this ſtrange Turn of Fate, I became the Inſtrument of your Preſervation; few common Servants wou'd have had ſuch Cunning; my Love inſpir'd me with the meaning of your Meſſage, 'cauſe my Concern for your Safety made me ſuſpect your Company.

Dur. Mir. you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the Thought of Impoſition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have deſpis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance, Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no human Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, deſign'd to ſhew the Dangers wandring Youth incurs by the Purſuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to free me by the Hands of Virtue: Here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preſerver's Pardon; my Thanks are needleſs, for myſelf I owe. And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old. Mir. Tall, all di dall. *(Sings.)* Kiſs me, Daughter——no, you ſhall kiſs me firſt, *(To* Lamorce) for you're the Cauſe on't. Well, *Biſarre*, what ſay you to the Captain?

Biſ. I like the Beaſt well enough, but I don't underſtand his Paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange Road.

Old. Mir. But Marriage is ſo beaten a Path that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the Way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy Huſband——I cou'd marry thee to-day for the Privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old. Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this. Mr. *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might ſecure your Son's Affection to my Siſter, I wou'd double her Fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has ſhe not given me mine? my Life, Eſtate, my All, and what is more, her virtuous ſelf.—Virtue, in this ſo advantageous Light, has her own ſparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil *(Pointing to* Lamorce) that ſets this Brightneſs off! *(To* Oriana.) Here view the Pride (*To* Oriana) and Scandal of the Sex. (*To* Lam.) There (*To* Lam.) the falſe Meteor, whoſe deluding Light leads Mankind to Deſtruction. Here (*To* Oriana) the bright ſhining Star that guides to a Security of Happineſs, a Garden and a ſingle She

(*To*

(*To* Oriana) was our firſt Father's Bliſs; the Tempter (*To* Lam.) and to wander, was his Curſe.

What Liberty can be ſo tempting there, (*To* Lam.)
As a ſoft, virtuous, and rous Bondage here? (*To* Oriano.

The End of the fifth ACT.

SONG: By Mr. *O———r.*

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

I.

SINCE, Cœlia, 'tis not in our Power
To tell how long our Lives may laſt,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've loſt too much in what is paſt.

II.

For ſince the Power we all obey,
Has in your Breaſt my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by NATHANIEL ROWE, Eſq;

And ſpoken by Mr. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's *great Original, to-day*
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free Gallant:
With a gay Soul, with Senſe, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softneſs fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning Slumbers wait,
When Fancy firſt inſtructs their Hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by ſome unguarded Way;
Let Villeroy's *Misfortune make you wiſe,*
There's Danger ſtill in Darkneſs and Surprize;
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene *found an Aqueduct below.*
With eaſy Freedom, and a gay Addreſs,
A preſſing Lover ſeldom wants Succeſs:
Whilſt the Reſpectful, like the Greek, *ſits down,*
And waſtes a ten Year's Siege before one Town.
For her own ſake, let no forſaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid;

Since 'tis a Secret, none ſhou'd e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy Pow'r to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a Week;
As Princes, when they reſty Stateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn 'em out.
What'er you think, grave Uſes may be made,
And much even for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good Man for Marriage-Rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;
Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And, when he knows the worſt on't,——let him marry.

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